A Little Gift

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Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Genre: Humor
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-04-12 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-04-12 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 14:35:57
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 322
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Spike arranges a little payback...

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Spike was stalking around his mausoleum, his aggravation growing every second. Living on chilled animal blood, doing favours for the Watcher for money, and to top it off, something was making him incapable of direct violence.

He thought back to that place where the authors of his misery were based; the Initiative, they called it. The Slayer was even shagging one of the soldiers, a right loser himself.

The vampire idly wondered if he could use a computer to find out how to make explosives. He decided against it as he remembered that frustrating hour once spent 'online' frantically searching for naked women, and not seeing a bloody thing.

Spike came to the conclusion that being unable to find porn on the Web was a new low in technical ineptitude, and made a mental note to ask the Witch (nicely) to show him. Give him a lesson ... then it hit him.

A little something he had stashed away in the factory, in the lower levels. He was about to give it to the Slayer when Angelus came back and insisted on his amateur mindgames.

The bloody thing was probably still intact as well ... things like that were somehow indestructible. He pulled on his duster while making a plan of action.

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"Hey, what happened?"

"Some guy came in here, and busted all the TVs in the dorm. Most of the stereos too."

Riley groaned - then something caught his eye ... never saw something like that around here before. "Hey, what about this?"

"A board game? You have finally reached a new low."

"Do you have anything else in mind?"

Unable to answer, the four students-slash-government sanctioned demon hunters sat around the game.

"Doesn't look like anything from Parker Brothers ... what's it called?"

"It says here ... Ju ... Jumanji?"

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Boredom spews forth cheap inspiration again.

Please send any and all comments to atullberg@my-deja.com

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